The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Men say the sullen instrument
That from the master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fibre sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings,
It hears the April loosened springs,
And mixed with its mood
All it learned when it stood
In the murmurous pine wood,
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro,
Full of dreams, as it stood
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago!

O, my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their blowing,
When nature and we were peers,
And our days seemed to share in the flowing,
Of the inexhaustible years?
Have we not from earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen,
All I feel and I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went—
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere—
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That can not forget or reclaim it—
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show;
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know;
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain—
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again—
Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so—
The world should not lack a poet,
Such as it had in the ages glad,
Long ago.

J. R. LOWELL.

MORNING LAND.

So near the goal, so near!
The portals open with a sound like song;
The path is lost in brightness that so long
Wandered mid shadows! Oh, my soul, be strong
And do not fear!

Do you feel, too, the woe,
The mist that blinds my eyes, all cool and gray,
The fog that settles round my troubled way?
The clouds that settle? but they cannot stay—
Rise up, and watch them go!

So near the goal I stand!
Oh, weary heart, thy task is well-nigh done!
I see far off the golden setting sun;
The work well-wrought that was so sad begun,
Welcome! O, Morning Land!

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Our Special Contributors.

COUSIN BEN.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Kate Bennett, impatiently, as she laid aside the book she had been reading, and in which she had been deeply interested, and took the cards which the servant presented.

"Dear me, how provoking! Just as I am in the most exciting part of the story—and that pert, disagreeable Emily Archer, too"—she added, reading one of the cards: "who else, I wonder?"

Was there magic in that simple bit of pasteboard, inscribed only with the two words, "Richard Warren?" It would almost seem so, so instantaneously did her countenance change. The frown that had disfigured her beautiful brow disappeared, her eyes sparkled, and without another thought of the book, she hastily assured herself, by a glance in the mirror, that her toilet was unexceptionable, and left the room.

As she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her guests with all that grace and elegance of manner for which she was distinguished, Emily Archer surveyed her with one rapid, critical glance; but dress, as well as manner, was faultless.

"It must be confessed that Kate Bennett enters a room like a queen," she thought with a pang of envy and jealousy, as in Richard Warren's face she read undisguised admiration of the lovely girl before them.

What casual observer, who had marked the meeting of these young ladies, would have dreamed that, under all their outward friendliness, each hated the other with her whole heart?

Yet so it was. Kate and Emily were rival belles, and their claims to admiration were so equally balanced that it required no little exertion, on either side, to gain the ascendency and be acknowledged the victor.

If Kate, with her classical features, queenly dignity, elegant figure, and exquisite taste, at first sight threw her rival into the shade, Emily's piquant style, sparkling, animated countenance, and sprightly conversation, were by many preferred to Kate's statuesque beauty. It was impossible to decide which was the loveliest; each had her adherents and admirers, but as they were equally numerous, it seemed probable that the season would draw to a close without the all-important decision of the question, which had been, par excellence, the belle.

Just at this time, Richard Warren returned from Europe. The arrival of so undeniably elegant, handsome, and wealthy a gentleman was an event—all the fashionable world was in a flutter—and the rivals saw at once that the important epoch had arrived. She whose claim he advocated, whom he favored with his admiration, would at once stand upon the precarious pinnacle of belle-ship. Each left nothing undone to win him to her side, though their tactics were entirely different.

Emily brought to bear upon him the batteries of her sprightly wit, while Kate adroitly laid the mine of apparent queenly indifference. As yet, though it was evident that Richard admired both, his preference was not known—perhaps he hardly knew himself which he thought the most charming.

But during this exposition of the claims of the rivals, a lively conversation had been going on. The last new novel and the opera had been discussed, as well as some of their mutual friends, and in the midst of some wickedly witty remarks of Emily on a would-be fashionable lady, a loud voice was heard in the hall. It came nearer the door, and the words could be distinctly understood:

"You no-brained, impudent jackanapes, I'll teach you manners. I'll make you laugh on t'other side of your mouth!"

The door was flung open, and in walked a tall, athletic, and sun-burned young man, whose really fine form was disguised in an ill-looking suit of evidently domestic manufacture, and who stood for a moment awkwardly looking around him; then, hastily approaching Kate, he flung his arms around her, and gave her a loud smack on the cheek.

She withdrew herself, quickly and haughtily, from his embrace.

"Sir!" she said, with freezing dignity.

"Law! don't ye know who I be?" exclaimed the new comer, in no wise disconcerted; "wa'al, now, I do actually believe you've forgot me. Don't ye know yer cousin Ben? Ye see, I don't like farmin' no how you can fix it, so I quit that, and come to the city. Jim Simpson was deown to our place, and he's doin' first rate here. He said 'twas dreadful hard work to get a start in the city, but I guess I ain't a goin' to slump through where he gets ahead. I'll resk it, anyhow."

At the commencement of this speech, Catharine had alternately flushed and paled, for she was deeply mortified that Richard Warren and Emily Archer should have been the witnesses of such a scene. She caught a triumphant and scornful glance from Emily. It restored all her pride.

With all the grace of which she was mistress, she turned to the new comer:

"You must excuse me, cousin Ben," she said, "that I had forgotten you. A few years make great changes, and I can hardly retrace in your countenance a feature that reminds me of the lad who went nutting with me in the dear old woods of Hampton. Allow me, Miss Archer," she added, turning to her, "to present to you my cousin, Mr. Adams—Mr. Warren, Mr. Adams;" and with perfect composure she saw his awkward bow and scrape.

Emily Archer at once mischievously commenced a conversation with Mr. Adams, and

was proceeding to draw him out most ludicrously, when Kate came to the rescue.

"You forgot, Miss Archer," she said, "that my cousin has but just arrived in town, and has not, as yet, had any opportunity to see the lions. He will be better able to give you his opinion of them in a few days, when I shall have had the pleasure of acting as his cicerone."

Mr. Warren, like a well-bred gentleman, as he was, addressed some remarks to Mr. Adams on subjects with which he was familiar, and shortly after, he, with Miss Archer, took leave.

Kate could have cried with vexation, as she thought of the sarcastic and ludicrous description of the scene which Emily would delight in giving, but she controlled herself. She was a kind-hearted girl, and could not forget the pleasant visits she had paid to her dear uncle and aunt Adams, or Ben's untiring efforts to make her happy when at his father's house. She resolved to pay him now, and her graciousness of manner quite fascinated poor Ben, as she made all sorts of inquiries about the old farm.

No sooner had Richard Warren, with Miss Archer, left the house, than she began, with all her powers of sarcasm, as Kate had foreseen, to ridicule the scene they had witnessed. Mr. Warren smiled, but seemed absent.

"I had no idea that the Bennetts had such vulgar relations," continued Emily, well knowing that the fastidious Richard Warren would consider this a serious objection in the woman of his choice.

"Notwithstanding all Kate Bennett's elegance, there is a certain something about the family that betrays low blood."

"Yes," returned Warren, hardly knowing what he said; and, feeling that she had gained one point, Emily walked on in the best possible spirits, internally triumphing over the discomfiture of her rival.

That evening at the opera who should be at Kate's side but Cousin Ben, dressed in excellent taste, and evidently much interested in the performance, while Miss Bennett listened with polite attention to his frank and sensible criticisms. At parties, too, he was her attendant; and this open acknowledgment of her relation quite blunted the point of Emily's satire. Mr. Bennett assisted the youth to a situation, and very speedily his rusticity wore off. He had both good looks and good sense, and under his cousin's judicious training, he very soon did her no discredit, even among the crowd of fine gentlemen who surrounded her.

Emily Archer saw all, and bit her lips in vexation. She could but acknowledge the superiority of Kate's strategy, and that she had triumphed in the event which she had hoped would humiliate her.

From that time Richard Warren was her constant attendant, and ere long he had openly acknowledged his preference by offering her his heart and hand.

"My dear Kate," he said, shortly after their betrothal, "I shall never cease to thank Cousin Ben for giving me my bride. I admired you as a belle, but his coming and your reception of him proved that you were something better than a mere fine lady—that you were a true woman, blest with the greatest of all attractions—a heart. Confess, dearest, that you owe him a debt of gratitude, also; that you are as happy as I am."

Kate smiled one of her most bewitching smiles.

"I certainly do not look upon his *mal apropos* arrival as a misfortune at present," she said, "whatever I may do in the future."

Her glance of loving confidence contradicted her last mischievous words, and she listened with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks to the assurance of her lover that no exertion of his should be wanting to keep her from regretting the event which had given him a glimpse into her heart.

Many years had passed. In the sober matron, Mrs. Warren, one would hardly have recognized the dashing belle, Kate Bennett.

Blest with wealth, a cheerful home, a fond husband, and lovely children, she had led a happy life, and time had but increased the attachment of the wedded pair. But cloudless as her life had been, a storm was gathering. Her husband, always cheerful, grew moody, restless, and unhappy. She tried in vain to discover the cause of his gloom, but he made only evasive replies to her inquiries, and she could only guess his troubles; that they were connected with his business, she imagined, and her surmises were correct.

He entered the room where she was sitting, one day, and exclaimed, flinging himself on a sofa:

"Kate, we are ruined. In vain I have struggled for weeks past; it is useless to attempt it longer. To-day I shall be known as a bankrupt—penniless, and worse than penniless. In trying to double my fortune I have lost all. You and my children are beggars!"

"Why should loss of wealth trouble you, dear Richard?" said his wife, tenderly, approaching and taking his hand. "That is, after all, but a trifling misfortune. While we are spared to each other, blessed with health and good children, why should we repine at the mere loss of fortune?"

The husband groaned.

"Ah, to be dishonored, Kate!" he said; "to fear to look men in the face, because I am bankrupt—unable to pay my honest debts. Kate, the very idea of this drives me mad. To avoid this, what have I not done? I have passed sleepless nights and anxious days, but all in vain."

With fond caresses and soothing words his wife tried to comfort him; but alas, he paid little heed to her efforts.

Just then a servant entered, saying that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Warren.

"Tell him that I cannot," replied his master. "I will see nobody."

"But you will," replied a cheerful voice, and a gentlemen, who had closely followed the servant, entered.

"How is this, my dear Dick?" he said; "you are in trouble, and did not apply to me. That was not right."

"And what use would it have been?" returned Warren. I am weary of borrowing from one friend to repay the other, day after day. Even that has failed me at last, and I have come home to hide myself from the prying gaze of those who will too soon be talking of my disgrace."

"I had heard rumors of this, Dick, and went to your office to see you; as you were not there, I followed you here. Now, my dear fellow, listen to me; you have two hours yet before bank hours are over. Here is a blank check; fill it up yourself, and it shall be duly honored. Repay it at your convenience. No thanks; it is only a loan. I know your business well; and that in a little time, with perhaps a little assistance, all will be right again."

Totally overcome, Richard could only grasp his friend's hand, while his eyes filled with an unwonted moisture.

"How can we ever thank you enough, dearest Cousin Ben?" cried Kate. "How can we ever repay you?"

"Tut, tut, Katie; I am only discharging a part of a debt I owe you, my dear girl. I owe all I possess—all I am—to you. When I first came here, a raw, ignorant, awkward, country booby, you were not ashamed of me. You took me cordially by the hand, influenced your father to assist me, and, more than all, by unvarying kindness, offering me a home and innocent amusements in your society, kept me out of the many temptations that beset a lonely, inexperienced lad, such as, without you, I should have been. I thanked you for it then, even when I did not appreciate the sacrifice it was to a fine lady to have a bumpkin like myself about her; and when I knew more of the world, and understood the rarity of such conduct, I loved you the better for it, and felt the more grateful. I have had no opportunity to show it before in any substantial form. But now you see you are under no obligation; I am only getting rid of a little of the heavy load you placed me under long ago. Be off with you, Dick, and hereafter rely on me in all cases like the present. Don't get discouraged too easily; business men, of all others, should have elastic temperaments. Good-bye, now," he added, as Warren disappeared, kissing the tears from Kate's cheek, "and be assured that Ben Adams, the millionaire, has never forgotten, and will try to repay your kindness to your poor and awkward cousin."

"I am richly repaid," she murmured. "How little I dreamed, long ago, that twice in my life I should owe my highest happiness to the trifling acts of kindness towards my good Cousin Ben."

OVERLAND LETTERS.

WYOMING, THE PARADISE OF WOMEN.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

DENVER, COLORADO, June 22, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

From the piazza of the Executive mansion I have been watching for the last hour a sunset in the Rocky mountains. How grand, how beautiful, are these majestic snow-capped peaks, clothed in the pale green, purple, amber hues of the departing sun. They had looked so glowing, stern, and cold all day that with reverence and awe I thought only of their grandeur and eternal solitude; but warm and brilliant in the varied, gorgeous hues of this twilight hour, they seemed to say "we too were born for love," and a tender chord responded in my soul. And now, as I travel with these giants stretching their great arms across the continent, defiantly pushing their heads above the clouds, shielded in snowy armor that no summer's sun can ever melt, I shall know that they, too, have moments of tenderness; and love will mingle with my awe as I watch for each coming sunset hour.

At Cheyenne we shook hands with the long line of noble women, who have honored the

jury and ballot-box. We held our meetings in the Court House, and saw the very spot where, as jurors, they sat on the trial of the poor Indian boy who was hung. We saw Judge Howe, who wrote the famous letter published in all our Eastern papers, telling how well those trials in which women acted as jurors went off. We had the honor, too, of seeing many of the good Democrats who inaugurated this grand step in progress. One told me the whole thing was begun in a joke. Well, I told him it was the best joke ever perpetrated. Another said it was done to attract young ladies to the territory, as there were so many sorry bachelors sighing there; "but," said he, "none have come yet." Even Governor Campbell takes his walks in solitude on the far-off prairies. Why will not some of the superfluous women in Massachusetts hasten to this land of the free, and home of the brave, and reward these noble men for securing justice to our sex?

At Cheyenne is one of the largest forts in the country. I inquired why they had so many troops at Fort Russel, now under command of Gen. King. Some one replied nominally to awe the Indians, but really to quiet the fears of *republicans* during the experiment of woman's suffrage, not knowing what excesses the daughters of Eve might run into when set free.

On our way hither we met Ralph Meeker, formerly one of the New York *Tribune* reporters. He is now one of the main props of the Greeley colony. He gave us a very interesting account of the success of the experiment thus far. As we passed it we noted its fine situation on the La Platte river, by which all their lands are irrigated. Ralph, in his dry way, said that mode of watering was far better than fooling round, waiting, watching, and praying for rain. Denver is a fine town, beautifully situated on gently rising hills, in full view of a long range of the Rocky mountains—I have seen no Western city I like better.

Gov. McCook is now in Washington, but his beautiful young wife, with her pale face and golden hair, is as full of enthusiasm as ever for woman's freedom.

She is doing her best to make our visit pleasant to us and profitable to the citizens, by crowding all the meetings possible into the three days we are to be here. A union of the Territories of Wyoming and Coloradlo is talked of, so the women are laying their pipes to get the word "male" out of the Colorado Constitution before the wedding takes place, that the youthful bride Wyoming may not sacrifice her individual rights at the altar.

I am going to Greeley on Monday, and then I will tell you more of the colony.

As we roll over the boundless prairies, hour after hour, varied only with different grasses, and occasional pink, blue and yellow flowers, or now and then a few antelopes, how often I wish that the poor in the garrets and cellars of our crowded cities could be transplanted here, to make for themselves homes of their own. Rich, wise, benevolent men could not do a better work than to dot this western world with thriving colonies. On Thursday night Miss Anthony and I will say our say in the great Tabernacle at Salt Lake. Brigham read the notice himself last Sunday.

—Miss Vinnie Ream has completed a fine medallion of Mrs. Paulina W. Davis.

PREVENTION AND CURE.

BY C. C. H.

FLUSHING.—The new Excise law gives the wives of men addicted to drinking, the right to warn liquor dealers not to sell liquor to their husbands under penalty of $50 fine. A notice of this kind, signed by Judge Lawrence, was served on sixteen saloon keepers yesterday."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

These sixteen Flushing saloon-keepers might, perhaps, be excused if, on the serving of these notices, they mentally remark, "Why not let us finish the job we have commenced? We have made these men brutes, not fit to live as husbands, fathers of families; why interfere with us—why not let us make short work of them, and summon the Coroner to take inquest in a drunken brawl, and save these protesting wives from further wretchedness, more innocent children from a drunken paternity?"

Start a loaded truck down a steep grade and try to stop it near its end. You men legislators start it, watch its progress, and then call out a woman to place her person in its way and check its course! Put yourself in her place for a moment, and consider if you have not meanly shifted on her shoulders the results of the curse you have permitted to rest upon its reeling victim.

Watch him enter his abode, smarting with the rebuff from his loved haunt, and furious at the wife who has dared gainsay the will of him whom she has promised to *obey*. Our daily journals tell the story, photograph the scene, kicks, blows, mutilations—death even—from him, her sworn protector.

Kind law, ever ready with helping hand, binds him to keep the peace. Does this heal wounds of heart and limb; does it prevent renewed abuse; does it make him less a tyrant, or her less a slave?

Could our sagacious legislators *personally* take the experience of a wife and mother tied to a drunken brute, words would fail to express the horrors of the situation—heaven and earth would be searched for a remedy, and it would be found. But the protection of women will never be accomplished until putting their hands to the plough, they declare their right and determination to protect themselves.

We have invited tyranny by our submission; we must make a new departure, armed with a noble *esprit de corps*, we must stand united, boldly battling for our rights till success crowns our efforts. Looking back across the war gulf, we see clearly how white supremacy protected black subjection; in '76 how loyal England guarded our colonial rights; further back, how king, noble, and middle-classes, always refrained from oppressing those beneath in social grade; lastly, how, in all ages, men have grandly stood aside, yielding life's choice places of ease, distinction, and emolument to weaker womanhood.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A WOMAN.

BY HON. M. T. JUGG.

It must be a big thing to be a woman. Women have such nice times, and never any trouble. Why, there are women in this city who get *ten cents* for making an unbasted linen coat, and if they are smart, with long experience, they can turn off nine a day, thus receiving from their philanthropic employers the munificent sum of ninety cents a day. Ninety cents a day is better than nothing; and if the woman is healthy and can work six days every week, and can always get all the work she can do, she is sure of an income of five dollars and forty cents a week. If she is single, and can afford to live on little better than swill food, she can board for $3.50 a week, and have $1.90 left for clothes, shoes, car-fare and pleasure. But work can't always be had, nor is it reasonable to suppose that women are always well. Occasionally snow is on th ground; now and then excessive heat blinds the strongest; once in a while clothes need washing; sometimes a piercing headache lays one up; now and then a violent cold lays another down; and strange to relate, some of these creatures actually get married, and when their husbands die they are widows, just the same as any other woman, and if they chance to have two or three little ones, which they generally do, then, indeed, they are to be envied. I think the happiest person in the round world must be a widow with three babies, without money, lodging in a tenement house, and dependent on A. T. Stewart or some other philanthropist for three dollars a week, or at the outside five, to keep the wolf, not only fro.. the door, but from her very heart of hearts. It must be jolly to be such a woman, particularly if the eldest child is four, the next two, and the baby a baby. These children, you know, have such a pretty knack of getting the measles, falling on the stove, upsetting hot water on their bodies, falling down stairs, catching cold, having diarrhœa, and all sorts of ridiculous things, and beyond all, with an aptitude that is positively alarming, they cry with hunger, literally crying great, big, genuine crys for something to eat. Merry! Why, it seems to me a woman who can't be merry under such circumstances must be a lunatic! To see a two-year-old child, thin with hunger and exhausted by heat, is a great stimulant. Why, any one would work for such a child! What's easier? All the mother has to do is to tie the baby in the cradle, tie the sick one on the cot, and tie the four-year-older to a chair. They may cry their eyes out while she's gone, but that's nothing. Their little heads may grow dizzy with weary wonderings about their mamma, and the thousand and one accidents to which all children are liable may come along—but this the mother knows as well as we; so after she has locked the door, she hurries to the shop and to work. She works all day long, never stopping to eat, drink, or be merry. Why should she? She makes one dozen shirts, and is credited with either five or ten sihillings—either sixty-three cents or a dollar, according to the price of the shirts. She gets no money, but at six o'clock hurries home. Perhaps all is well, and the three hungry little chaps have cried themselves to sleep; but hungry chicks don't sleep very well, and they all wake but one. The baby died about noon, having cried itself into fits, and then struggled into gloom alone.

On the whole, I'll drop this curtain; but while imagination pictures what follows, and reflection reveals that such incidents are the every-day life of our overworked and underpaid masses, I'm quite sure everybody will agree with me, that it must be a rip-staving, high-jinks thing to be a woman.—*N. Y. Star.*

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.
Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.
Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.
Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.
Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Notes About Women.

—An orchestra of German ladies is soon to visit this country.

—Miss Terry, of Wisconsin, is 104. She is an ancient mystery.

—A consolation for the ladies.—This world abounds in him-perfections.

—A Charleston woman keeps the "most fashionable and attractive undertaker's establishment in the city."

—Mrs. Celia Burleigh's sermon on the "Ministry of Sin" is attracting much attention by its bold and original views.

—Mrs. G. W. Willard, a valued contributor to the columns of THE REVOLUTION, is the author of "Sexology as the Philosophy of Life."

—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg lives in an elegant villa she has purchased for herself at Cold Spring, on the Hudson.

—Among other street nuisances, the Chicago papers complain of a "blind woman with seven dissolute orphans, who plays that concertina."

—Miss Phœbe Cary is making a visit to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, in Cambridge, Mass. She has been ill for several weeks but is improving.

—It is said of a fashionable lady who went to a party not long since, that she arrived there the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until after twelve o'clock.

—The women suffragists will have a grove meeting at Framingham, Mass., on the 4th of July. Reduced fares, good speaking, and a sensible disposition of the day, are the inducements for a general attendance.

—The most successful star engagement ever played at the California Theatre, San Francisco, was that of Mrs. Lander, which commenced the eighth of May and lasted three weeks. Mrs. Lander cleared $5,600.

—Mrs. Maredith Reed, wife of the American Consul at Paris, was in Paris during the recent bombardment, and at the height of it was hid in a closet after part of the house had been knocked to pieces.

—The *Evening Mail* thinks the Pacific (males) will not be as pacific as their wont, now that Susan B. Anthony has gone to California. The only male which Miss Anthony is really antagonistic to is the "male" which stands in the Constitution, and must get out.

—Mrs. Roger W. Hanson and Mrs. F. W. Stone propose to publish at Lexington, Ky., "as an appropriate medium for the expression of Southern genius in the departments of history, poetry, and general literature," a monthly to be styled the "Mississippi Valley Magazine."

—A society has been formed by our public school teachers of both sexes for mutual protection and improvement. There are fifteen hundred of these teachers in this city, and seven hundred of them have already joined the association. Regular meetings are to be held, at which papers on various subjects relating to teaching will be read. This body can compare favorably as to intelligence with any other of the same size in the country, and is calculated to secure mutual pleasure and profit.

—This year an unusual degree of public interest has fastened upon the commencement exercises of colleges and higher seminaries for girls. Vassar has been, for aught we know, as prominent as Yale or Amherst, and this comes from the demands made each year for a higher education for women.

—A traveller who saw a pretty little girl in the same car with himself, says: "In a few years," thought I, "that infant will be an ornament to society; but had she better not die? Very soon they will tie some dead women's hair to the back of her head, fasten her ribs with a corset, and hang a bird-cage around her lower limbs."

—Miss Austine Snead (Miss Grundy) says that there has recently been two personals in the papers about her: the first that she was writing a book; the second that she was writing a book of sketches; and she is anxiously waiting for the third to inform her what the sketches are about, in order that she may begin to write them.

—Emma La Jennesse is now at Malta with brilliant offers for the summer to sing in opera. Two or three years ago, when only fourteen, she was the leader of the elegant choir at St. Joseph's Church, Albany, and when only seven, being the daughter of a New York music teacher, she used to instruct her father's pupils in his absence.

—Grace Greenwood says she constantly hears women satirized for their propensity to gossip, but she must say that some of the most accomplished gossips she has ever known are to be found among Government employes of the sort who hold the franchise and the higher class clerkships, and whose time hangs heavy on their hands.

—Miss Dr. Mary C. Putnam, (daughter of the publisher), who did such exceedingly good service with the French Ambulance Corps, left Paris for London during the last days of the Commune. A vivacious paper, concerning the aspects of Paris during the war, is to appear from her pen in the forthcoming *Scribner's*.

—The Howes have received circulars inviting them to a grand meeting of the family in Harmony Grove, South Farmingham, August 31. All connected with the family by birth or marriage are invited, whether the circulars reach them or not. Joseph Howe, the Canadian Secretary of State, will deliver the oration, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will read a poem.

—"Warrington," of the Springfield *Republican*, says "that it seems to be the object of certain women, among whom Mrs. Stowe and Gail Hamilton are conspicuous, to vie with the most abusive of the men in running down their own sex. Mrs. Stowe's attack in the *Christian Union* on her sister, Mrs. Hooker, represented as "Mrs. Cerulian," is the worst instance I have seen."

—Miss Lizzie O'Brien, whose effort in behalf of her countrywomen we mentioned last week, is out with another letter, in which she states that the newly landed female emigrants sleep on the bare boards, and describes the condition of Castle Garden as only fit for swine. Our municipal rulers had better spend a few ducats in cleansing that institution, and putting in some good beds if they hope to get the votes of the Irish girls in the time which is to come.

—The coming woman, we see it stated, has actually got into the *Tribune* office. Mr. Greeley recently gave orders for the employment of women as proof-readers, and that they shall be paid the full Union scale of prices. In accordance with this order, one woman is already at work, and more will be engaged. This is a practical admission of woman's equality that we like. Let the *Tribune* rage if it will, facts are stubborn things, and nobody knows this better than the great farmer of Chappaqua.

—Mr. Bergh's society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is a token of the beneficent and humane growth of civilization. The exhibit made by its president of work accomplished during the year past is most encouraging. The investigation of the swill milk cow stables has prevented cruelty to babies in a marked manner as hundreds of little innocents had before doubtless been fed on the foul milk, manufactured by poor brute machines in these establishments. The mothers of New-York owe a special debt of gratitude to Mr. Bergh for his efforts in this direction alone.

—The proposition before the Nebraska Legislature to confer the right of suffrage upon women contains the provision that women may vote upon its adoption. An exchange informs us that bets are freely offered that, if a vote is taken, the majority of the women will cast their ballots against the proposition. If men want to squander their money in this way, let them do it. With Mrs. Stanton's report of Nebraska women, including the wife of the Governor, we are confident that the result of such a vote will be an overwhelming majority in favor of an exercise of the right of suffrage unrestricted by sex.

—We clip the following cheering announcement from the telegraphic columns of a daily paper: "The annual literary and other exercises of the commencement of the State University at Columbia, Mo., have been in progress for several days, and attended by very large audiences. Yesterday the corner stone of a new scientific edifice was laid under Masonic auspices. A number of lodges from different parts of the State were present. The ceremonies were directed by Thomas E. Garrett, of St. Louis. An address was delivered by Governor Brown. The first prize for Greek scholarship was taken by Miss J. F. Ripley, the announcement of which fact was greeted with great applause."

—A story drifts to us from Chicago, one of the many that illustrate the legal abuses to which women are subject. A man in that city recently obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of desertion, and then went and tore her two children away from her by means of an order obtained from the Court. The trouble, it appears, came from his own infidelity and adherence to another woman, and during the absence of the wronged wife from the city, the divorce was hastily pushed through, and the decree above referred to obtained. The scene in the station house with the mother vainly imploring and beseeching for her children, is described as heart-rending; and how any woman can read the story of this outraged, broken-hearted, desolate mother, without feeling that she ought to vote and help make the laws, appears a mystery.

—The following tribute to our absent editor-in-chief we clip from the *Golden Age:*

"Laura Curtis Bullard, the editor of THE REVOLUTION, is now travelling in Europe, and has been regaling her readers at home with an almost uninterrupted series of editorial letters for several months past. She is one of the most accomplished of the many well-educated ladies who constitute the flower of the suffrage movement. Beauty of person, richness of acquirements, and refinement of manners, are rarely all united in so eminent a degree as in this lovely lady. She seldom speaks in public further than to perform the unloquacious duties of a presiding officer, but she is an incessant and useful writer, and one of the wisest and safest of counsellors. She has the air of a princess, and her presence would grace the court of any of the countries through which she is now making her pleasurable pilgrimage."

—Girls read and consider: "It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gypsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result."

—The *Golden Age* for July 1st, under the title of "A Legend of Good Women," gives short sketches of some of the advocates of woman's rights. The following paragraph will doubtless be relished by our readers:

"Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or, as she is sometimes called, Susan B. Anthony, is a celebrated lady with snow-white and auburn hair, plump and slender figure, Grecian and Roman nose, and lives simultaneously in two houses—one at Tenafly, N. J., and the other at Rochester, N. Y. Indeed, Mrs. Stanton, or, to call her by her maiden name, Miss Anthony, is a ubiquitous personage, and not only attends all the woman's meetings wherever they are held, but also has been known on certain occasions to be writing the resolutions, and at the self-same moment to be delivering the speech, in their support. It has been sometimes suspected that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are two distinct persons, united by a cartilege like the Siamese twins, but in the absence of any medical or other scientific proof of this hypothesis, I remain of the opinion that, like Liberty and Union, they are 'one and inseparable.'"

—The *Times* of this city tells us that within a stone's throw of Printing House Square may be seen an interesting and practical demonstration of woman's capability to do man's work. The locality of the experiment is in New Chambers street, and the experimentalist is a widow of thirty, whose husband died a short time ago, and left her in possession of considerable property and a thriving business of considerable magnitude. One of the projects of the deceased was the building of a house for the accommodation of his family and in which his business could be conducted on an enlarged scale. The widow not only carries on the business successfully, but she has begun the erection of the manufactory, overseeing the work herself, hiring the laborers, buying the brick, stone, and everything needed in the construction of the building, and in common parlance, she "bosses" her own job. The Irish laborers employed in making the cellar say "she knows how much dirt a man ought to dig up and carry out to a shovelfull." Moreover, this true business woman is not in the least unfeminine, and seems quite as much in her "sphere" while directing her men as if she were entertaining company in the parlor. Such instances take the wind out of the sails of croaking theorizers.

—What reasonable objection can there be to admitting women into our schools of pharmacy? Women are well fitted to become drug clerks, and the proprietors of drug stores. The profits in the retail trade are large, the business light, and much more safe and certain than almost any other, the failure in this line being extremely rare. Almost everything women attempt in new fields has to be done on an up grade, but at present the business of the chemist is wholly blocked to female enterprise. By statute, a two years' apprenticeship is required of men, and no druggist could be induced to take women as apprentices; but let the College of Pharmacy amend its charter and deal fairly by our sex, and female graduates would find no difficulty in obtaining situations. Here is a new mine for our labor reformers to work in the interests of women.

—Florence Nightingale, in a characteristic letter to a Brooklyn society, thus tells of the self-sacrifice made by the English people to give to the sufferers from war and famine on the Continent:

"The whole mass of hard-working, honest, frugal people have contributed every penny they could so ill spare. Women have given the very shoes off their feet, the very suppers out of their children's mouths, to the poor sufferers in this awful war—not of their own creed—not of their own thinking or way of living at all—but in the freest spirit of Christian charity all have given, every man, woman, and child, above pauperism. So general a collection among the "working classes" never has been, not even for our own Patriotic Fund. Poor congregations of all kinds—'Puritan' chapels in my own dear hills of Derbyshire, national schools, factories, poor negro congregations in the West Indies; in London, ragged school children, who, having nothing to give, gave up their only feast in the year, that the money might be applied to the orphans in the war, 'who want it more than we.' London Dissenting congregations, without a single rich member, who sent their large collections; poor working-women's parties, who made up warm clothing for the sufferers in that frightful winter campaign, and refused to be paid for it, and then the children making their little birthday presents for the 'Lord Christ,' for him to give to the children made homeless and well-nigh hopeless by the war."

—A writer in the Boston *Congregationalist* claims that experiments in the co education of the sexes have thus far been made under the most favorable circumstances, and in no case have been subjected to the severest tests, and cites the case of Oberlin, where the system was introduced when the village and institution were small, and the pupils almost without exception poor, and intent on securing for themselves an education. He thinks "in an institution in, or near, a large city, where temptations are multiplied, where concealments are easy, and where the faculty find it difficult to exercise a parental supervision over the students, the co-eduention of the sexes would be much more hazardous. The severest test of all, perhaps, would be where a large part of the students were of wealthy parentage, not seeking for themselves an education, but sent by their parents to secure it as an accomplishment; accustomed to luxury and indulgence, and to whom rigorous restraint would be unwonted and irksome. Until the system has been subjected to such tests as these, the argument from experience is at least inconclusive as respects its general adoption."

Are not some of these conditions met in the University of Michigan? It would appear so; and it is our opinion that girls and boys who would run into temptation from being educated together, would do the same under any other circumstances.

—The article by a San Francisco correspondent, entitled, "Come Over and Marry Us," which we noticed some time ago, has received an answer from a working girl in Buffalo. She says there are plenty of girls ready to go to California who are willing to work if some one would kindly aid them with the money to defray their expenses. She offers to go herself, and take as many girls as she can obtain tickets for; not Irish, Dutch, or Chinese, but good American young women, who know more about sewing machines than pianos, and are no strangers in the kitchen. She says: "You think, perhaps, the girls that come may be disappointed in marriage, but not in wages. That which we desire most is the money. When we have that we are independent. Money buys what you want to eat, drink, and wear; men sometimes won't; so I think the money preferable to the man."

The *Tribune* thinks this writer might earn what money she needs in kitchens nearer home.

—It is certainly a shame to New York that it does not possess a high school for girls of the same grade as the Free Academy or New York College for boys, where girls of the middle classes can obtain a liberal education. The Normal College has been instituted for the training of teachers, and is calculated to do a work of great public benefit. The New York *Times*, in a very good article, complains that the Normal College is liable to be too much a college, and too little a first-class training school. The Normal College ought to be a specialty, and there ought to be a free college besides for girls, unless the New York College could be made free to both sexes, which we believe would be the better plan. But public school teachers have never, heretofore, had any systematic drill for their profession. The primary schools have been taught by graduates from higher departments of the public schools, and the untrained character of the primary teachers has lowered the general grade of the whole school system. No department needs better teachers than the primary, and we are glad our Board of Education are waking up to this fact.

—The New York *Standard* calls attention again to the glaring inequalities existing between the salaries of male and female teachers in this city, and while speaking of the wretched parsimony of our bediamonded public men, who would save off of the women teachers, and "skinch" on the quality of education doled out to the children, says: "We could afford to go without new piers and docks, without pleasant parks and well-paved streets, without fountains of bronze and public halls of marble and granite, rather than that the foundation-stone of freedom—the education of the masses—should crumble. None know this better than Mr. Larremore and his associates, and we have a right to expect from them something better than the miserable subterfuges with which they justify their oppressions of women. If women had places in the Board of Education, where they of right ought to have them, would they be less efficient or less deserving of remuneration than the gentlemen who now compose it? Mr. Kiernan makes an excellent Secretary to the Board, but there are many women in this city who could perform the duties of his office as well as he."

Our Mail Bag.

MARRIAGE AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Some think the movement in favor of Woman's Rights must, in its progress, logically and necessarily overthrow the institution of marriage. We must acknowledge that late developments have favored this opinion, and either a large branch of one party has been beguiled into following false lights, or we are pursuing the flying steps of Truth into regions little dreamed of at our setting out. Is there not some explanation at hand for this seeming error? Marriage of some sort is plainly the predestined order of nature, and it is impossible to allow that an institution of such vital interest to society and the State should exist excepting in accordance with the strict requirements of the law. The State cannot allow its members to bring children into being, and throw them upon society for food or clothing or education. Marriage is a matter of individual will in the beginning to be entered upon or not, as each may choose; but when the duties of marriage are once assumed, and children are born to the parents, the State becomes a party interested, and may demand for its own protection the fulfillment of certain duties by their parents, even when the apparent good of the parent is thereby sacrificed. Nature never talks nonsense. If she gives a child two legs to walk on, you may be sure it cannot get along well with one. And if she gives each child two parents you may rely on it, it is because that child's healthy education and development demand the double care. It seems to me scarcely necessary to enlarge upon so plain a truth. Sacrifice, and not freedom, is the law of life. When Victoria C. Woodhull talks about holy freedom of love she utterly ignores the holiness of faithfulness to assumed duties. The fact is there are few people of any value in the world who do not, before middle life, find themselves so bound by duties of one sort or another as scarcely to have any freedom left for choice of movement in any direction. A cast-off feather is the poorest and most worthless thing I know of.

However, if marriage of the old-fashioned, and permanent sort be the ordained law of nature, the equal dignity of woman and man in that relationship is no less a necessity, and the principles of the woman's rights movement are, I do believe, founded upon the eternal truth of things, and must prevail. If there be a conflict between these, it must be but a surface and not an irrepressible conflict. There must be some fault in our following of the spirit of each movement. There is some lurking injustice somewhere that, aided by habit, falls upon and impedes our steps.

I cannot believe that this error or this injustice is to be found in the effort of women for a nobler life. The great uprising of our sex, which marks this century, is unequalled in the history of the world in the breadth and profoundness of the reform which it originates. What the discovery of America was to the old world of the Fifteenth Century, the revelation of this great reserve force of mental and spiritual strength will be to the life of the next century. One half the world has never, until now, cared to exercise its brains in behalf of public matters, or, in other words, women have been living half lives, caring for domestic interests, but leaving their public relations to the care of any one who would manage them. Women blush if the State be disgraced. They smile if the nation be honored. Women suffer if the trade of the country be depressed, and profit by the general well-being of business. It is certainly cowardly then to leave all their interests to other hands than their own, and it should be a matter of widespread rejoicing that women are preparing to shoulder bravely their responsibilities of every kind. They are waking up to a whole-hearted, well-minded life. God bless them!

It cannot, then, be in the principles of the Woman's Rights Cause that the error lies, nor, indeed, in the permanency of marriage, and we must seek further for the cause of the mischief. I fear we shall find it in the unequal relation of the sexes in marriage. This is a matter that has undergone endless tinkering in the last half century, now at the hands of would-be-just judges, interpreting generously the barbarous maxims of the common law, and now at the hands of legislators, who would amend that law by wise statutes, in accordance with the enlightened demands of the age. Still a great wrong remains. What else can mean this great cry of anguish "sobbed out by a woman's voice forlorn" that comes up from the whole civilized world. Give a woman talent or power and she either breaks through the trammels of law and custom, and wins a free course for herself, like George Sands, or, remaining under the law, she struggles against it for herself and her sex, like Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton, or, not being gifted with combative force, she yields to her fate and becomes famous, chanting the sorrows of her companions in distress, as did Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Browning. It is said that this is owing to woman's sensitive nature and a proof of her unfitness for public life that she was made to suffer and sympathize, &c. This is not true. It is a slander on God. Women can be as joyous and as content as men, if only the common necessaries of free development and justice be granted them. And nothing short of this will satisfy them. The marriage laws must be settled upon principles of absolute equality, or the present protest against marriage will grow louder and stronger, growing with the growing intelligence of women until the very foundations of social order be threatened with destruction.

It is not enough to grant a woman absolute control of the property she gets by inheritance; this is already hers if she remain single, and the natural impulse would certainly be to share this with the partner of her life if she marry; but in giving up her own aims in life, her ambitions, her means of obtaining an independent income by her own efforts, and devoting time, brain and heart to the labors of a wife and mother, she must be allowed a *full half share in the earnings of her husband*, and be recognized an equal partner in the marriage partnership.

In the practical, every-day life, it would be difficult to attain this, for the husband must provide for the household, and to do so to the best advantage he must have an easy control of the capital. But in the great crisis and settling points of life let this be regarded a great fixed principle, and it will act as a lever to elevate a woman's whole life from a condition of dependency to one of happy equality.

In time of bankruptcy let the wife stand as preferred creditor to one-half the husband's estate, and at the death of either party let it be understood that a half and only a half of the family estate then becomes subject to testamentary disposition. The wife may then, in her will, dispose of the half joint property of the two, as in any case of partnership, when the two members of the firm have each contributed equally to the business.

I do not believe that anything less than this will save marriage from the denunciations of the rising generation of women. Miss Parkes said, in one of her essays on Labor, that a wife's time and presence at home are of much greater value to a workman than the money she could earn away from home; and this is undoubtedly true in every branch of society. But a mature woman cannot live penniless and dependent. As her choice becomes more varied, and her powers greater, she will hesitate more and more to enter a state subject to such conditions. Among women of culture it is already a matter of general complaint, even in households generously provided for by the husband, that they work for less wages than their cook. Biddy may lay up something to bequeath to her relations, but the mistress works for her board and clothes. This is a state of things that cannot possibly last. The threatening aspect of the woman's suffrage movement against the institution of marriage is then, in my opinion, simply a protest against the present unjust inferior position of women in that to-be-honored relation; and for those who regard marriage as the bulwark of social order and progress, there is nothing better to do than to cease crying against the reform movements of the day, and aid in the work of establishing justice in the domestic relations. The days of chivalry, when great wrongs were righted by unusual means, is past. The boast of slavery, that the aged were cared for in compensation for the wrongs of their youth, is no longer an allowed argument. That all of a woman's inheritance is now granted her is no justification for taking her life's work without compensation. A woman who can earn from five to ten thousand dollars a year will not take the position of wife, with harder work and bread and clothes for wages. Let the law recognize the full, free, equal ownership of property in the wife as in the husband. The wife works for the husband; the husband for the wife; and each has an equal share in the results; "Then comes the statlier Eden back to man."

A READER.

JOURNALISTIC HASH.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 21st, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Since last I wrote you our "poor dears" have been having a serious time here; the women of all denominations, persuasions, and nationalities, have made a general "raid" on Chicago, and the "dear men" have been at a discount. It is said that during the month of May we had three hundred women delegates in this city. First, the Methodists held an annual meeting of their Board of Foreign Missions at Centenary Church. The exercises were opened with prayer by a woman, a woman presided over the meeting, women transacted all the business, and women occupied the

stand as speakers. Alas! for that injured community called "men." Where now was their leadership? I am thankful to be able to say that to them, "listening and complaining" was not prohibited, both of which they took advantage of with all due meekness and propriety.

One would think Chicago women would be satisfied with this, but they were not. On the following week the Presbyterians held a similar meeting; a large church was filled to overflowing, and no "man" was admitted, not even clergymen and reporters. Now, I claim that at this, our Chicago men had a perfect right to audibly murmur, and they (I am proud to say) did exercise that right. This meeting was followed by a convention of Baptists, where this delicate snub was again applied to the nose of the men. I understand the editor of the Chicago *Republican* is taking steps to organize a society in this city for the protection of the rights of the men. I hope the "poor things" will succeed.

There were several thousand women who attended those meetings. Just think of those naughty Eves, who refuse to extend to the Adams of the day ever so small a bite of their apple. If I were a man I would cut down every tree of knowledge in the country with my little hatchet. These fearful women do not all publicly claim to imitate Stanton and Anthony, but they seem to have caught the prophetic inspiration of the times and to do their own thinking and talking.

On the 29th of May the generous Germans of our city expended one hundred thousand dollars in a grand funeral procession for the twenty-five thousand dead then laying in the city of Paris. How kind of them to so love their enemies? They called it a "Peace Celebration" in commemoration of the peace now attained by these dead people, that they were unable to secure to themselves in life. The funeral was a grand one; nearly all the business places in Chicago except our saloons were closed. The streets, windows, and housetops were thronged throughout the line of procession. Some of the mourners were very gaily dressed; but nearly all the flags they bore had a wide, black band, fully one-third the width of the flag, extending the whole length of it, and in most cases it was uppermost. The centre-band was white, signifying the purity of all things after death, and the lower band was red, significant of blood—seas of blood—that have dyed the earth in this charming war. The most of the Germans had their faces dyed to match. The process is simple and cheap, quite as cheap as to bleach the hair blonde. It is said that fifty glasses of lager beer per day, for two weeks, will bring this beautiful blood color to the face of almost any man. I can't say that I admire it, but it is a prevailing style in Chicago; but, you know, we women have poor taste compaired with men. These mourners aimed to dress so as to represent the growth of civilization. They must have been believers in the Darwin theory, for in the beginning they dressed in the skins of animals to represent the beasts from whom they originally descended. In the front of the procession there was one woman whom I took as a substitute for Eve; she was dressed in the skin of a bear, and wore her fig leaf on her head. Then there were several miles of procession without a woman, all warriors in all the different grades of civilization; now, occasionally, would appear a goddess or a muse; at length there came an immense wagon, drawn by four horses, filled with young girls dressed in white. On the top and at the back of this wagon was a cage, with a lamb in it. These, then, were pet lambs, (these girls.) Directly after them, with their aprons and sleeves all on, ready for the slaughter, came a long procession of butchers; this was to signify their willingness to continue to sacrifice the pet lambs—the dear women.

Artemus Ward was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations in the "late unpleasantness;" but these Germans were willing to do more, they were willing to sacrifice not only all their wives' female relations, but the wives themselves, mothers and daughters included. How self-sacrificing? Well, with all their sadness at the funeral, they forgot to weep, or had engaged heaven to shed their tears for them. Just in the middle of the exercises heaven shed her tears, they came down gently and smiling'y, but freely; now it was that everything assumed an aspect of the bitterness of grief; flags flopped mournfully, or found relief in clinging to their bearers.

I am proud to be able to announce to you that Laura Fair is sentenced to be hanged next month. I hope no man will challenge her right to the use of the gallows. They really ought to give the women a poor chance with themselves. Let us consider her a substitute for McFarland. I believe Mrs. Suratt gave perfect satisfaction when she represented her son. No one questioned her right to hang for him.

Don't you New Yorkers think you could manage to substitute Woodhull for Forster? The Chicago *Times* and *Republican* have not yet proposed it, but I am positive they will treat it in a friendly way. They are both inclined to deal as gently as this with Woodhull & Claflin.

Those dreadful suffragists have gotten up headquarters here; they have a finely furnished parlor on Madison street, where they received Mrs. Stanton, Anthony and Gage, of New York. A number of our prominent citizens were there, and some very fashionable people, consequently I concluded to go myself. If the ladies had not all looked so finely and been dressed so handsomely, I never could have listened to their talk on woman suffrage.

The flowers bloomed just as sweetly, the water dripped as coolly in the fountain, and the cake and cream tasted just as delightfully as though it had not been in a woman's suffrage parlor. How queer? Everybody said they had a nice time, and I believed them. Mrs. Stanton read a letter before us from Brigham Young, who wanted them to come to Utah on their way West, and speak in his tabernacle. They left us at thirty minutes past nine; it was the 8th day of June, and everybody regretted their going just as though they had not been suffragists.

Yours truly, OLIVE OUTWEST.

"MRS. CERULIAN."

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Allow me to use a little of your space for the purpose of expressing a few thoughts relative to Mrs. Stowe's story entitled "My Wife and I," which is now running through the *Christian Union*. A neighbor pointed out to me a passage in it relating to "Dacia Dangyereyes" and her sister, and a "Mrs. Cerulian." Now I believe it is generally understood that the first-named characters are two well-known lady brokers of your city, and that "Mrs. Cerulian" is no other than the sister of the writer herself.

Allow me to inquire what end can be gained, or what good can be accomplished by making this indelicate exposure of a near relative? If zeal to show up the fallacies and shortcomings of the woman party was the writer's object, she has certainly failed, for to most minds the impression of unkindness which could drag a sister's foibles or mistakes into the light will overtop all other ideas.

I am not at all prepared to judge of Mrs. Hooker's course, not knowing the motives by which she has been actuated, or all the circumstances of the case; but I will say that if she has erred through a too confiding character, or too great charity and tolerance for the faults of others, it is certainly more to her credit than the course of Mrs. Stowe in sitting down in cold blood, and holding her up as an example of weakness—a dupe in the hands of clever practitioners.

It is a fine thing to possess genius, and be able to say our say in the most telling and pointed manner; but when genius is used to tell tales about friends and relations that better be left untold, and point the finger of the world at one we should screen from blame, it is like the beautiful, beneficent fire taken out of the grate and allowed to burn the house down.

Had there been any principle involved, or any great end to be gained, I can imagine Mrs. Stowe acting the part of a female Brutus, and sacrificing her relatives very grandly. But it did not weigh a pin's point for or against woman's rights whether the writer lugged a condemnation of Mrs. Cerulian's party or not, into her story, and therefore the seeming harshness.

Two or three years ago, it will be remembered, Mrs. Stowe rushed wildly forward to the defence of a dead English woman, from an imaginary slander. The thing was ill-advised, unnecessary, and quixotic, but it was at least generous, and it is a pity she could not have shown as much magnanimity in the case of a near relative, by remaining silent, as zeal in the defence of a stranger—not her own countrywoman—who it would have been far better to have left undefended.

We hope the fashion Mrs. Stowe has set will not be extensively followed, else every scribbler who can weave a cheap plot will be "doing up" the mistakes, weaknesses, and peccadilloes of his friends and kinsfolk for the delectation of the public.

Truly yours, OBSERVER.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

NAPLES, ONTARIO CO., N. Y., June 22, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

It has been said that example educates faster than precept; so Mrs. John Atwell appeared to think, when conspicuously warned to appear on the road at eight o'clock on a day specified, with shovel, and work out her assessment. True to her principles, "equal pay for equal work," she responded promptly, executing her task, three days in person and three days by proxy, got her receipt, and paid for substitute by tying and pruning grape vines, doing her housework alone at the same time, not because she is stronger, either in body or mind, than many others, for twice within a year and a half she has been severely injured, once by the kick of a horse, and three months after by being thrown from a buggy. If "a penny saved is two earned," twelve shillings must be three dollars earned.

Truly yours, ELIZABETH M. ATWELL.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1871.

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	3	" "	$6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
"	3	" "	$6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
"	"	" "	$4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
"	2	" "	$4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS.

LONDON, June 10th, 1871.

Who has a right to speak and to be heard on the woman's rights platform? "Such men and women, only, as have the divine right of utterance" is the instantaneous reply of some; "Those alone whose clear and keen intellects, broad and generous culture, pure and noble lives, give them a right to the attention of the society they wish to improve ought to demand, or demanding, ought to find their claim for a hearing allowed. Beside all this, they should have manners so gracious and so dignified, and a taste so delicate and refined that by no word, act, look, or gesture of theirs, could the nerves of the most fastidious or captious among their audience be shocked."

"This is absurd," exclaim others. "To make such demands on poor human beings, is simply to insist upon the impossible. We will not claim as requisites high, intellectual power, infallible taste or broad culture. We ask only purity of life in those who would speak for us on this great moral question. But it behooves those who would steady the social ark to have pure hands and pure hearts. No one whose past history shows a smirch or stain, no one against whom morality can cast a stone, must dare to pollute our pure cause by their advocacy."

"What!" cry out others, "do you call yourselves Christians, and yet forbid a repentant sinner to aid you in your work? Do you profess to believe in that religion which made of Mary Magdalen a saint, of the brutal Paul an apostle, of the recreant Peter, the head of the church, and yet say that no one who needs to blush for his or her past history shall find not merely a place for repentance; but a place among the leaders in our movement?

"Do you profess to be holier than our Lord—wiser than he in his choice of instruments? Is not the history of all the world's reforms, from Christianity even, full of the grand and noble achievements of men and women who were lost but are found? Is it not the greatest glory, not only of man, but of God, that there is in human nature this possibility of resurrection from the death of sin to a new and noble life? Who shall dare, then, to say that only stainless mortals shall come into the ranks of our leaders? And if such a claim is made, who can bear the test?"

"You are right," say others; "we would not reject any repentant fellow-mortal. We welcome all such into our ranks; let them, too, take the place there which, by character and temper, most naturally befits them. Those only we would reject who bring to our platform, and proclaim from it, false and dangerous theories of religion—false and dangerous social theories."

"Hold there," say others; "who shall decide what theories, whether religious or social, are false and dangerous?"

"It is simple enough," is the reply. "All such as are contrary to the Divine revelation contained in the Holy Scriptures."

"We deny that authority," cry out a chorus of voices; whereupon a tempest of shouts of "heretic," "atheist," "free lovers," "bigots," and other complimentary epithets begin to fall like hailstones about the ears of the self-elected conclave of judges, and in the hubbub that ensues, the main question is in a fair way to be neglected altogether.

"Let every one lay aside his or her own peculiar opinions," at last one would-be peacemaker ventures to suggest. "We all agree on the one point of suffrage, why not leave all other disputed matters and devote ourselves to this one great object. Fling away this troublesome baggage of differing opinions, and jump into the woman's suffrage omnibus free of such encumbrance."

"Easier said than done," retort the advised. "Our opinions are not something that we carry in our hands, like a carpet-bag, to be laid aside and taken up at pleasure. They are a part of ourselves, of our intellect, our conscience—a part of the very fibre of our mental and moral constitutions. To lay them aside we must undergo a change into something new and strange. We must be recreant to our highest convictions. Should we do so, we should not only despise ourselves, but feel that we were justly despicable in the eyes of others. What would be left of us if all our distinctive ideas and opinions were torn from us? A mass of nonentity."

"Alas, then! what is to be done?" exclaim the despairing crowd, who look on in dismay at all this conflict of suggestions and counter-suggestions of new propositions and fresh rejections.

"To whom does this platform belong?" at last some one ventures to ask again.

"Why, to none of us. It is not *our* platform, but *the* platform. It is not *our* question, but *the* question. Who shall speak, or who shall not speak, is not a decision that belongs to any one of us, nor to any body of us, no matter how influential or admirable we may be, separately or collectively. Who shall be heard, is a question which none of us can, or ought to answer. The people will reply to that in the most unmistakable and unequivocal manner by listening or refusing to listen to those who would fain address them.

"As none of us are infallible, it is a comfortable assurance that no such weighty responsibility as the silencing of others, or the forcing them to speak, rests upon us.

"It is, at once, a humiliating and a satisfactory discovery, that individuals are of very little importance in the progress of a great cause. No one can much help forward, nor can any one person long hinder the triumphant march of a truth. Reforms die, but reforms are immortal.

"Even Christianity in the days of Christ, to use his own metaphor, was but a mustard seed; yet, after his death, it grew to be a great tree, upon whose branches the fowls of the air could rest; it was in his time, only, the small lump of leaven which gradually but surely went on with its silent action, although it has not yet verified his prediction of leavening the whole mass, upon which its forces are still at work.

"Let timid souls then be reassured—truth is mighty and will prevail. The cause which we advocate is just, and therefore powerful. Errors of taste, errors of judgment, errors even of principle, may, and probably will be, committed by its adherents, and by its leaders. So long as human beings are imperfect this must be expected; but all such driftwood however conspicuous for a time, must submit to an inevitable law; it will be gradually submerged, and finally disappear under the wave, while the great river below will move on in its resistless current, bearing with it health and prosperity to the nations.

"Secure, therefore, in the grandeur, truth and ultimate success of the cause which we have espoused, let us cease to be troubled or disquieted by the petty obstructions which human weakness puts in its way.

"Let us do what we can to aid its progress in our own fashion, and allow others to do what they can to help in their own methods.

"Let us cease to waste our strength and time in mutual recriminations, but actuated by nobler motives, forget individual preferences or dislikes in the general good."

We leave it to the good-sense of our readers to decide which among these various opinions and counsels comes the nearest to the truth, and is the best worthy of their attention.

ROBERT BROWNING'S LONDON HOME.

LONDON, June 15th, 1871.

It is now some years since Robert Browning left Florence, and exchanged "Casa Guidi"—that pleasant house made famous as the dwelling of the two great English poets—for a residence in London.

The house in which he now lives is situated

in a quiet part of the vast British metropolis, which Browning himself describes well and truthfully "as unlike all other cities, for it has no nucleus, no centre. It is a large, flattened-out, sprawling body, without head or tail." In this quiet home, over which his sister presides as mistress, the famous poet leads a quiet and busy life. His only child, a young man of twenty-two, is absent from the city, pursuing his studies at one of the English universities, and the atmosphere of peace and calm which students love pervades the noiseless house. But though silent the house is not gloomy. The ample curtains are pulled aside from the windows to admit whatever stray rays of sunshine the London skies may chance to furnish. The rooms have a cheery, habitable, and inhabited look. Reminiscences of the home in Florence are scattered about everywhere. On one side of the drawing-room hangs a picture of the interior of Casa Guidi. The ancient tapestry on the walls, the quaint furniture all in its proper place, and the writing table, favorite chair, and work-basket of Mrs. Browning in the foreground. This same pictured and ancient tapestry, this same heavy-carved furniture which was a part of the Lares and Penates of the dwelling in Florence are now in the London house, and contribute to its homelike air and appearance—for there is a subtle something in human nature which affects even inanimate surroundings, and which perceptibly and agreeably distinguishes the most carefully used furniture of a house from that of a shop. The longer this association has existed, the more homelike and comfortable the furniture grows to be. Several family portraits, a bust of the mother and of her son, when a lovely little boy, a few bronzes, and a good many books adorn the drawing-room. Its doors are draped with curtains, or "portiere," in Italian fashion; the room altogether has a cheerful, unconventional air. The library is a small room, well lined with book-cases, which were also brought from Florence. Their shelves are filled with all sorts of ancient and valuable volumes, among them many of the Hebrew and Greek books which Mrs. Browning read with such facility and such pleasure. On the margin of many of those volumes are annotations in her own chirography, for it was her habit to read with pencil in hand, and to make her comments as she perused her favorite authors. On the wall hangs a photograph of the best portrait ever painted of Mrs. Browning—the original of which is in the International Portrait Gallery now open in London. But those who knew and loved her best say that no portrait, whether on canvas or in marble, was ever entirely satisfactory. The eyes in this one large, soft, dreamy, are said to be like hers, but the lower part of the face lacks something to make it life-like.

Mr. Browning showed us the famous documents of the ancient Roman trial which he found on an old book-stand, and which suggested to him the "Ring and the Book," that wonderful contribution to English literature—the most wonderful part of which is perhaps that story of the hapless girl and wretched wife—a revelation of pure and womanly nature so full and so perfect that it is amazing how any *man* could have written it. To no man save a poet, and to very few, even of this famed guild, has such a marvellous insight into a pure woman's heart ever been given, and not one among them all has ever drawn so complete and truthful a picture of a woman as girl, lover, wife, and mother, as Browning in this story of the hapless young Italian.

With scrupulous fidelity he has narrated the facts of this tragic tale which interested him so much—an interest which he has communicated to his thousands of English and American readers. "The evil that men do lives after them," is a truth never more clearly manifested than in this case of Count Guido, whose villainy, though it excited all Rome and Siena years and years ago, apparently forgotten till suddenly by the magic of a poet's pen it is held up again to the execration of humanity.

Ancient stories, and out-of-the-way bits of history have a great charm for Browning. The ballad of Herve Reil is one of these historical incidents which but for him would have slipped entirely, as it had nearly, from the world's memory But it is true, even to minor particulars.

Browning is writing now a poem which will be one of his longer ones, and which we are sure, no matter what its subject and form may be, will, like all he writes, be impatiently waited for and warmly received by his multitudes of American readers.

In personal appearance Browning has none of the characteristics which were popularly supposed a few years ago to belong to a poet. His "countenance is not sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought," nor has he eyes "in a fine phrenzy rolling." On the contrary, he is a fine-looking, vigorous man, a little past middle life; a man who looks as if the ills and infirmities to which flesh is heir had never ventured to approach him, which indeed is the case, for he is in the enjoyment of that greatest of all boons, perfect health. His features are well known to all his admirers, for in these days of photographs we all become familiar with our favorite writers and heroes, even if we never see them face to face But, like all photographs of men or women of character, his photographs do him no justice. The broad, massive brow, the abundant gray hair, are there, to be sure, but the expression which makes or mars a face, no sun picture, swift and magical as it is, can ever catch and transfer to paper.

In manner, like all truly great men and women, Browning is simple, unpretentious, and unaffected. In conversation, he is terse, vivacious, frank, and original.

In short, one comes from an interview with Robert Browning with the feeling that he is one of the manliest of men, as he is one of the most poetic of poets.

THE BROAD PLATFORM.

At this age of the world nothing can long gag the discussion of social questions. The spirit of investigation is too active, and there is too much unrest to keep them permanently quiet—locked beneath the outward surface of things. It is far better that talk and agitation should lay pipe to draw off quietly and harmlessly what else might become a volcanic force. Let the constructive elements in the brains of reformers and philanthropists busy themselves with building up something more beneficent to take the place of the demolition going on, or to be inaugurated in our society, and a baleful revolution may be avoided.

These questions affect men and women alike, and if light is thrown upon them to guide out of the dark labyrinth or slough into which they have fallen, it must emanate from the joint wisdom of men and women.

A great deal depends upon how and by whom these delicate and vital themes are handled. Nothing more solemn or sacred than marriage inpinges on human destiny, and when a lewd finger is laid upon it the public mind shrinks back in horror, as well it may. Society will not tolerate the views of any man or woman who wishes to ruin marriage in order to secure more latitude of life to himself or herself. It is exactly the one subject where personal interest ruins the influence of the advocate, though he may speak with the tongue of men and angels. Not that there is no pity for the victims of wretched marital mistakes, and those who are yoked to a body of death, who suffer indescribable humiliations and tortures in a relation that may become utterly loathsome. There is compassion for such victims of both sexes who vainly wrestle with their chains; but there is also a profound skepticism in the public mind, relative to the ability of these unfortunates to judge of marriage, as a whole. Their own personal wrongs have refracted all social relations to their vision—warped and perverted their estimate of all existing institutions. They are impassioned, but not philisophical; they are advocates, but not judges. We do not want special pleading half so much in this case as we want comprehensive views which shall consider how the greatest good to society is to be attained, consistent with the least wrong to the individual. Therefore, we do not believe the victims of our present marital code are the mariners best calculated to guide the ship over this sea of trouble. They may set fire to what they consider the rotten system of oppression and tyranny as the mad men and women of Paris applied the torch to the Tuilleries, but they cannot construct society anew.

This work remains for our wisest, largest-brained men and women, partly because the world will listen to them, and partly because they are better calculated to judge of the manifold bearings of the most complex of all questions. There are some surgical operations so delicate, that the practitioner, if he fails to adjust every tiny blood-vessel, vein, nerve, or artery, ruins his work. There are more nerves belonging to this social question than to any other that has ever come upon the tapis to be operated upon, and the hand that touches them all must be tender, accurate, delicate, refined, sure, and unfailing

These demands can only be met by a union of social science with religion and philanthropy. Men and women together can and will do it; and the platform upon which it is done will deserve to be called the human platform. Imagine a social congress which should call together such women as Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, John Stuart Mill, Wendell Phillips, and hosts of others that might be named, to take seriously into consideration the crying evils of our present state, and devise some remedy. Would not the world listen respectfully; nay, eagerly? We believe it would; and the platform of such a congress can afford to call itself by its true name. If it is too large to take shelter under the wing of woman suffrage, let it come boldly into the sunshine with its banners inscribed with human rights.

THE "TRUE WOMAN."

The *True Woman*, a "weekly creature," as a contemporary designates it, is a newspaper published at Baltimore, under the auspices of Mesdames Dahlgren & Sherman, Mrs. Phelps, sister of Emma Willard, Catherine Beecher, and other ladies of social and literary eminence.

While denouncing the suffrage question, it claims to promote for all classes of women "a higher Christian culture, a nobler womanhood, and for the industrial classes of women a kinder and more generous consideration from their employers." These are excellent aims, and if antagonism to the ballot has called them into being, our own particular species of agitation has certainly reacted with excellent effect upon the class to which these ladies of the opposition belong.

The *True Woman* has been evoked by the aristocratic and fashionable women of Baltimore and Washington, and we are glad that they recognize the need of a weekly missionary to incite them to home and maternal duties, showing what it is to be a good housekeeper, wife, mother, and mistress. The reputation of extravagant follies and fast living, which has gone abroad concerning the fashionable leaders in our national capital, certainly makes this effort for self-regeneration, which has culminated in the *True Woman*, a most healthy and cheering token.

We hope it will be faithfully conned by all women in hotels, who leave their babies to the care of hired wet nurses, and neglect their children for the claims of society. Let it go, we say, with a God-speed to the houses where women are eaten up with inordinate vanity and the love of display, while their husbands and fathers, to gratify every whim and keep them in elegant indolence, drudge eight and ten hours a day in down-town offices, rush into mad speculations, or perpetrate frauds that drive them to suicide or the penitentiary. Let it find its way to the women who deform themselves at the decree of fashion, who paint and powder, dye, enamel, pad, use "plumpers" and "heavers," and by the force of their example make Magdalens upon the street, and corrupt and lower the tone of our whole social life.

Let it seek out the eyes of the Mrs. Shoddys and the Mrs. Petroleums, who sweep their trains through the reception-rooms of Cabinet officers and members of Congress, instiling a disgust for gilded and bediamonded ignorance, inspiring a true reverence for knowledge and intellectual culture.

Let it go into all the households where women are insolent to their servants, forgetful of the fact that Biddy is made of the same flesh and blood as themselves; has a back and feet that ache sometimes in purely feminine fashion, a heart that feels, and feelings that can be hurt. Let it enter such houses and write the golden rule upon the lintel and the doorposts.

We care not whether this work be done in the name of Paul or of Apollos, in the name of woman suffrage or domestic and feminine duties; it is still a most important if not the most important part of the woman movement, and we are thankful for any voice or pen that it inspires.

The *True Woman* can go where no announced woman's rights organ is as yet allowed to penetrate. It can reach the drawing-room and the boudoir, and we charge it not to be faithless to its high calling—to rebuke, admonish, and advise boldly and fearlessly, making itself what Julia Ward Howe calls the "angel of reminder," to the neglectful mothers and wives, and homekeepers of this land.

So much for what the *True Woman* aims to build up, while, at the same time, it would demolish woman suffrage. It is always the part of wisdom to pay particular heed to opponents, and give their arguments full and fair consideration. Unless we have a word for our cause better than anything that can be said against it, we are in a poor way to succeed.

Now, the principal argument of the anti-suffragists, so far as we have been able to learn, is embodied in the letter of Catherine E. Beecher, written last winter to refute the story that she was in favor of woman suffrage. She says, "This is not true, either of myself or of a large majority of my family and personal friends, most of whom would regard such a measure as an act of injustice and oppression, forcing conscientious women to assume the responsibilities of the civil state, when they can now so imperfectly meet the many and more important duties of the family state, and its numerous connected ministries of instruction and benevolence."

This devotion to the family state comes with admirable grace from a woman who has spent her whole life in public, and probably will have a great deal of weight with other women who propose to exercise their political rights, for their own protection, as soon as they are permitted to do so.

The overtaxed women who find the burdens of life so heavy that they do not feel able to "assume the responsibilities of the civil state," are probably those who are about setting out on a round of summer gaiety at Long Branch, Saratoga, and Newport, with several trunkfuls of finery, which it taxes all their powers of endurance to get made and to wear. They are women weighed down with the necessity of paying a vast number of gossipy day visits, thus sacrificing time which should be spent in their own cultivation, and the nurture and training of their children, while their evenings are given up to parties and receptions, the theatre, and other places of amusement. It is shameful to ask these women to lay off any of their self-imposed fardels to attend to a public duty, or make the slightest effort for the improvement of our social life.

But how is it with the poor seamstress, the factory girl, the underpaid school-teacher; this woman who makes shirts at ten cents apiece, that one who takes in washing at seventy-five cents a dozen, and is obliged to hand her earnings over to a besotted husband? Do we hear it said that these women are too overburdened with life's cares to drop a ballot into the box on election day, which shall give to the school-teacher equal pay for equal work, and which shall secure the earnings of the poor, overworked drudge, to her own use, and that of her hungry children? What right has Catherine E. Beecher and the *True Woman* to strengthen existing acts of injustice and oppression, so as to hold these toiling sisters back from their only legal defence against rascally employers and brutal husbands, and the barbarisms of past ages, which still stain our statute books? Which cry is to be heeded by minds alive to pity and a sense of equal human rights, that of the masses of working-women who have bread to earn and ask in a life path that must be hard at best, lightened by little joy, the aid which rightfully belongs to them, who say, "give us the ballot," or of the silken-clad, soft-handed dames, who say "withhold the ballot from the whole sex, because the burdens of fashion are already greater than we can bear?"

SECOND COMMENCEMENT OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE OF NEW YORK.

A college two years old with eleven hundred students and a graduating class of one hundred and fifty. All the marvellous tales which have been told us of the wonderful vitality of Cornell and of certain western institutions sink to comparative insignificance beside such figures. That a college for women was needed in New York there can be no question, when so numerous have the applications become that the college building is already overcrowded, and hundreds are turned away. Although organized with special reference to furnishing trained and competent teachers for the public schools, it aims to give a collegiate education, which in thoroughness and breadth shall not be excelled by any other institution in the land. The essays which were read were bright, original and suited to the times, and were listened to with marked attention, except one or two, where the readers' voices were of too delicate a nature to fill the capacious Academy of Music in which the exercises were held. The most enjoyable part of the programme, however, was the music under the direction of Charlotte V Hutchings. There was no trouble in hearing that, when the great chorus of eleven hundred young ladies sang such stirring music as Mendelsohn's "The Victor's Return;" Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Comes," or Gabussi's "Vivandiere." Miss Hutchings is a born conductor, and has inspired her chorus with so much of her own enthusiasm, and has drilled them so well in expression, enunciation and execution that New York has not in all its borders as fine a chorus as that of the Normal College.

This commencement day was a proud one for those who have long been battling in aid of a higher education for women, and demonstrated the capacity, energy and zeal for knowledge, which they have claimed for the female aspirants after collegiate honors. It was enough to make a thoughtful woman glad almost to rapture o see the Academy of Music packed with a grand audience, while the voices of lady graduates, so perfect was their elocution in many instances, penetrated to the back seats as easily as to the front row. The valedictory of Miss Jenny B. Merrill, "Woman as an Educator," claimed everything for the sex as boldly as Mrs. Stanton or Miss Anthony would have done. If our "girl graduates in their golden hair" are taking this stand upon the platforms of school and college commencements, what may we not expect from the next generation of women? Surely the leaven is working through the whole lump; the grain of mustard seed is springing up into a goodly tree. Let us yield to no species of discouragement; let us listen to no cavil or complaint re-

lative to the progress of our cause, while such tokens are vouchsafed us. Perhaps the speech of the occasion was that of Miss Alice Brown, who made an eloquent demand for woman suffrage, her voice thrilling every portion of the Academy, carried conviction to multitudes of hearts. Miss Merrill's plea for the superior education of women was one of the most convincing ever made and delivered in a style of almost matchless grace. We are proud of these young advocates who are to be the educators of another generation of women. The principles they are prepared to instil into the minds of growing girls will work a revolution quiet, but all-powerful, and the veterans who have for years been demanding political, industrial and educational equality for the sex will gladly see the laboring oar taken by the hands of these brave young teachers, who are so grandly fitted to perfect the coming woman like a precious stone "polished after the similitude of a palace."

Miscellany.

OUR COUNTRY LETTER.

WOODBINE STATION.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

My missionary efforts in behalf of the wild Irish youth of this place have proved a failure, I am sorry to say, and with the memory of my defeat still rankling, I shall be obliged to content myself with theorizing over reform work for the rest of the summer. Jessie and little Bess are very unmerciful in their gibes, and I have promised not to say anything more about the fearful burglary, which I described in my last letter, provided they will keep still concerning "Miss Malony's boys."

To relate the history of my discomfiture in brief, I will say that Mike, Teddy, and Pat came according to agreement, dressed in the costume of the country—bare-footed, with brimless hats, hair en pig-tail, and a large quantity of mother earth besmirching their hands and faces. But I said in my soul, "Dirty little boys can do clean weeding," and sent them into the onion patch, withdrawing myself to the south porch, with a book, in that salubrious frame of mind which ladies affect who wear white morning dresses.

In about half an hour I heard a shriek—no, a howl would better describe it — from the kitchen, and running there with a lively suspicion that the house was on fire, I beheld Teddy up in the cherry tree, Mike in the act of throwing our dear old Tabby into the well, and the cherubic Pat with his sturdy legs wide apart making the stones fly at a pair of comfortable, chubby old robins who have nested in the harvest apple boughs for two years, and are considered strictly as a part of the family, with bird rights to be protected like our own.

The result was that I bribed "Miss Malony's angels," as Bess calls them, by a sum which will keep me low in pocket money for the remainder of the season, not to approach our dwelling for three months, in fact, to consider the shady lane in which Woodbine cottage stands no thoroughfare. In consequence, last night I saw Teddy swinging on the gate, while Mike executed some ground and lofty tumbling on the grass-plot, applying, when he caught sight of me, his thumb to his nose in a manner calculated to act as an anodyne on my feelings. The neighbors now inform us that we may consider Miss Malony's boys regular, well accredited squatters on our domain, and anybody will have to look lively who manages to dispossess them. This tyranny of small, irreverent, smutty-nosed urchins is worse than the oppression of man, bad as that is, and I do sincerely wish to belong to the stronger side of creation for one hour, in order to perform the operation on the tribe of Malony which Mrs. McStinger executed each morning for the young McStingers, before she set them out on the paving-stone to cool.

When we first moved into Woodbine cottage, my ideas of country freedom and hospitality with the latch-string always out, were offended by the thoughts of bolted doors and barred windows. A latch-key to a cottage door seemed an insult to that simple, rustic honesty which is supposed to haunt green lanes and abide beneath the shadow of trees. If we were going to pack up all our suspicions, and doubts, and fears, of our fellowman, and cart them into the country along with the furniture, we might as well spend the remainder of our days immured among the bricks and mortar of Blank street. So with a guileless trust in human nature, and my heart expanding towards our simple-minded neighbors, I allowed the front door to stand wide open for two days, and told Biddy she might leave her clothes hanging out over night. The result was an empty clothes line, and a hat-stand minus umbrellas. Since then, I have acquired a faith in keys as absolute as that held by the accredited infallible successor of St. Peter, and the milk of human kindness that I brought out of town in such abundance has soured.

The number and variety of tramps that find us out in our green seclusion is something astonishing, beside an even more objectionable class—venders of every species of quack inventions for cleaning silver, cementing china, varnishing furniture, removing grease spots, ink stains, and the stains of fruit—men who hawk about photographs of the "Mother's Prayer," "Evangeline," Abraham Lincoln in a black coat and trousers received up into heaven by George Washington in continental tights, and various other subjects equally affecting. Besides these are linen peddlers, impertinent to the last degree, a man who comes strung all over with tinware, and shines in the sun like a knight in armor, another who is adorned in the same way with feather brushes, and occasionally an old-fashioned pack-man, who has everything in his kit from a needle to a silk dress.

Biddy's method of dealing with these callers is a matter of great amusement to us all. She generally tells them that the lady is "wakely and can't be afther comin' down stairs," or that "the family is away at Newport or Long Branch, and won't be back for a month of Sundays."

These little romances she reconciles to her conscience by the dogma that "lyin' and chatin' hain't nothing to do with religion."

We have also a large assortment of beggars, who string along all day if the sun shines, and are of all ages and both sexes. The seedy man with red nose and battered hat, who brings a greasy, grimy paper, informing us that he is the most deserving and unfortunate of human beings, and is now trying to raise a little money to get back to his friends, who are of the highest respectability, and will hasten to repay the loan, all duly signed by the minister of the parish, is as familiar to us now as the aspect of the cottage itself. We are also well acquainted with a draggled woman in a man's hat and boots, who sits on the garden wall and sends in her three wretched children to beg cold victuals at the kitchen door. We are told that she keeps a boarding-house down in the village, and does a thriving business.

The wandering musicians who harp upon the harp, and fiddle upon the fiddle, and grind upon the hand-organ who find out our retreat ought to have a letter to themselves. We fondly flattered ourselves that we had fled from "Champagné Charley," "Shoo-Fly," and "Up Broadway," when we sought a country residence, but they follow us by day and by night, and there is no peace for the wicked.

Yesterday there came along a regular Italian Topsey of eight or nine, with a little disconsolate brother of no more than four, a preternaturally grave, dark child, in a funny little tail coat, trimmed with buttons, very much after the order of Mr. Mantelni's. The girl sang in an execrable voice, accompanying herself on the fiddle, and at the same time dancing away with might and main, her elf locks flying wildly about.

We have also had a visit from a monkey afflicted with chills and fever, which goes to prove Mr. Darwin's theory. A more forlorn, pitiful little being I never saw.

Truly yours, LOUNGER.

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.—Mr. Field's new chapter of literary reminiscences is chiefly devoted to the letters written by Charles Dickens to Professor Felton in 1842 and 1843—one of the best of these characteristic productions gives the full account of Dickens' Christmas Carol:

"Now, if instantly on the receipt of this you will send a free and independent citizen down to the Cunard wharf, at Boston, you will find that Captain Howell, of the Britannia steamship (my ship), has a small parcel for Professor Felton, of Cambridge; and in that parcel you will find a Christmas Carol in prose; being a short story of Christmas, by Charles Dickens. Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again, excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition, and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when the other folks had gone to bed.

"Its success is most prodigious. And by every post all manner of strangers write all manner of letters to him about their homes and hearths, and how this same carol is read aloud there, and kept on a little shelf by itself. Indeed, it is the greatest success, as I am told, that this ruffian and rascal has ever achieved."

—A writer, in a St. Louis magazine, says that "a woman is preferred as book-keeper in one of the largest stores of that city, because "she is more steady, can be relied on to be in her place every day, and is not liable to be absent once in two or three weeks on account of some evening company the night before." In one of the largest printing houses in the same city a woman oversees the binding, and the proprietor says, "If she were to leave I could not supply her place with six men."

Special Notices.

A SPLENDID ORNAMENT TO BROADWAY.—It must be a pleasant thing for that venerable individual, the oldest inhabitant, to run back in recollection to the days when our now palace-beautified Broadway was in a much more crude condition than it is in these days of progressive utility. Such improvements have taken place within the past few years in the appearance of our favorite thoroughfare, that it seems as if some arch enchantress had produced the change by one motion of her magic wand.

All along that great avenue, from Bowling Green to Union Square, are to be seen some of the most magnificent structures that ever sprung from the trail of art and architecture, and imposing as they are externally, they are equally so within. Some of them are fitted up in a style which would draw tears of ecstacy and admiration from the eyes of the most extravagent Parisian whose life is devoted to the study of luxury and magnificence generally.

Recently another novel improvement has been ushered into existence on Broadway. We refer to the splendid new Temple of Pharmacy (the doors of which were for the first time opened to the public but a few days ago) of Mr. H. T. Hembold, at No. 594 Broadway, and adjoining the Metropolitan Hotel. Ever since its opening day it has been favored with full houses, (to use the language of the dramatic critics), its unique splendor daily and nightly attracting large crowds of admirers.

The entire building is 28 feet front, 235 deep, and 5 stories in height. The street floor has been most tastefully fitted up, the front half being used as a retail department, and the rear portion for wholesale business, and as a labratory for the manufacture of his celebrated Fluid Extract Buchu, Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla, &c. There is probably no drug store in the world more beautiful and luxuriously furnished than this new acquisition to our Broadway attractions.

Connected with this establishment is a reception room, which is intended for the comfort of those obliged to wait while the prescriptions they desire to purchase are being prepared. This is something which has been a desideratum, and which Mr. Helmbold has supplied. The room is furnished with costly lounges, sofas, and velvet carpet. Taking this new establishment altogether, it deserves to rank as one of the magnificences of our city.—*New York Commercial Advertiser, October* 31st.

ALL persons who aspire to beauty of personal appearance should not neglect that natural accessory, the hair. By many it has been neglected, until the hair has become thin, gray, or entirely fallen off. Messrs. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., have produced an effectual remedy, called Sicilian Hair Renewer, which cures all diseases of the scalp. This wonderful preparation acts upon the glands, which support and nourish the hair, restores gray hair to its original color, makes the scalp white and clean, removes and prevents the formation of dandruff and all cutaneous eruptions; and, by its tonic and nutritive properties, restores the scalp to a healthy state, and creates a new growth. As a dressing, it is unsurpassed, giving the hair that brilliancy so much admired by all.—*Boston Commercial.*

POSTPONE AND YOU PERISH!—The lungs are not cast iron, but of a texture as delicate as Brussels lace. They cannot long resist the wear and tear of an incessant cough. Attack this premonitory symptom of phthisis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar and you subdue it at once. Delay the remedy and the lungs are fretted into supperation, and consumption is an established fact. This mighty, yet harmless agent, has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat and all bronchial affections. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 7 Sixth avenue, New York. Prices, 50 cents and $1. Great saving to get the large size.

A POLYGLOT BUSINESS.—The wide-spread influence of American skill and enterprise has outstripped the comprehension of the Americans themselves. The fabrics of our mills clothe the savages of both continents. They wrap the loins of Africa, and the tawny skins of South American pampas. But wider still are spread the products of our skill in medicines. A late visit to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s labratory and office in Lowell, showed us that the whole surface of the habitable globe pays its tribute there; there they cater to and serve the requirements of almost all nations. Their publications are in the many tongues that widely severed people use. Their letters must be read from and written in many tongues, for which there sits a long range of correspondents with the indispensable accomplishments for their duties. Their daily mail of half a bushel of letters brings them advices, orders and remittances from the circle of the world. We were overwhelmed with amazement, and our readers would be by an inspection of this wonderfully extensive, health dealing enterprise.—*Holly Springs (Miss.) Conservative.*

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH USE THAT old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

A GOOD HOME, EITHER TRANSIENT OR permanent, with pleasant rooms and good board, can be found at the Russian Baths, 23 & 25 E. 4th St., between Broadway and Bowery, N. Y.

A COOL, REFRESHING HAIR DRESSING, KEEPing the head and hair healthy. Chevalier's Life for the Hair bears the highest recommendation from physicians and chemists for restoring gray hair, stops its falling, strengthens and increases its growth; has no superior. Sold everywhere.

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Send One Dollar and a postage stamp, for the best known method, which cannot fail if the directions are strictly followed. It makes soiled Kid Gloves equal to new, not injuring the most delicate colors, and leaving no unpleasant odor. Reliable references given, if required, before money is sent. Address

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THE TERRIFIC DUEL BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND France is over, but thousands of battles between Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters and dyspepsia and liver complaint are now going on in every State of the Union. The issue of such contests is *never for one moment in doubt*. The conflict may last longer in some cases than in others, but the Leading Vegetable Tonic and Alterative of the nineteenth century invariably triumphs.

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SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON OUTSIDE PAGE.

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Has a beautiful and desirable stock to select from for family use. Call and examine.

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HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA
Cures all Eruptions of the Skin.
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Cures the worst form of Blood Diseases.
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Enters heavily into the Circulation of the Blood.
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All Powders and outward applications destroy the skin, rendering it harsh and coarse.

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One bottle is equal in strength to one gallon of the Syrups or Decoctions as usually made; and a wine glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated

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A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE.

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A pleasant, safe and agreeable cathartic.
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Used in all affections where a purgative medicine is needed.
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Harmless to a child and taken by children.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Supersedes Magnesia, Salts and every other purgative.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,
Certain in effect and pleasant in operation.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILL
is not a patented pill.
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS
Are composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb.

How to proceed in the
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Purchase two bottles of HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA and one box of PILLS—worth their weight in gold.

No better investment can be made for so small a sum.

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Has acquired a world-wide fame.

All of my preparations are meritorious. A period of twenty years has proved this to be the case.

See remarks made by Benjamin Travers, F. R. C. S. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic, with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

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Pharmaceutical I claim all mine to be and have never patented a single one.

ALL STAND ON THEIR MERITS.

The Pill I have thought of offering to the afflicted for ten years.

They are now perfect, and I shall stake my time, money and fame on their effectiveness. The inviting style in which the Pill itself is made, the bottle, label, wrapper—all show with what care they have been prepared. After examination, no English or French preparation will show greater care, and I am really proud of them.

Instead of the nauseous-looking, carelessly-prepared Pills vended generally and put up in wooden boxes, and made generally or offered by those having no experience as physicians, druggists or manufacturers of medicines. Test the medicine offered by your obedient servant,

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Is the best Remedy in the World for the following complaints, viz.:

Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach,
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Rheumatism in all its forms,
Neuralgia, Bilious Colic,
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Sore Throat, Burns,
Sprains and Bruises, Spinal Compl'nts
Chills and Fever.

PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALL-HEALING.

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In all cases of *Pain* in the *Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints*, it should be taken internally, as follows:

To a tumbler half full of water, put a table-spoonful or more of sugar, add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of *Sore Throat*, either from *Cold, Bronchitis*, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a teaspoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For *Rheumatic Affections* in the *Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side*, make a thorough external application with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For *Tooth Ache*, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a *Cough and Pain in the Side*, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For *Ague* make a like application to the face. It is best, at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood, and invigorates the system.

For *Burns or Scalds*, put it on its full strength, immediately after the accident.

For *Cuts*, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

For *Chills and Fever* it is a certain and *sure cure*. Should be used freely externally, about the chest, and take internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it.

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Gargling Oil

IS GOOD FOR

Burns and Scalds,	*Rheumatism,*
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Large Size, $1.00. Medium, 50c. Small, 25c.

The Gargling Oil has been in use as a Liniment for thirty-eight years. All we ask is a *fair trial*, but be sure and follow directions.

Ask your nearest druggist or dealer in patent medicines, for one of *our* Almanacs and Vade Mecums, and read what the *people* say about the Oil.

The Gargling Oil is for sale by all respectable dealers throughout the *United States and other Countries.*

Our *testimonials* date from 1833 to the present, and are *unsolicited.* Use the *Gargling Oil*, and tell your neighbors what good it has done.

We deal fair and liberal with all, and defy contradiction. *Write for an Almanac or Cook Book.*

Manufactured at Lockport, New York.

—BY—

MERCHANT'S
Gargling Oil Company,
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From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

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From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

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For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite,** they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa,** but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins,** they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings,** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

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As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Is perfectly safe.

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Soothes the Child.

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Gives rest to the Child.

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Gives rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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